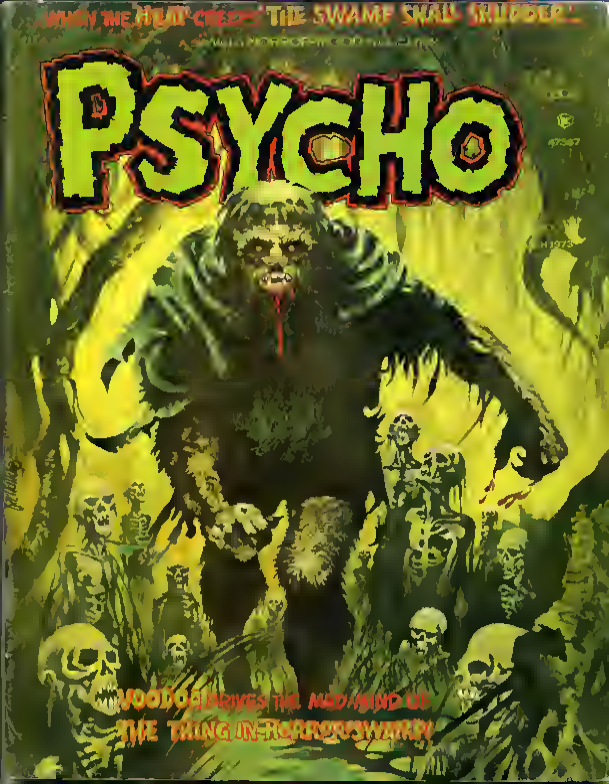

PSYCHO

— PUBLISHED BY ISRAEL WALLMAN AND HERSCHEL WALLMAN —
— CONTRIBUTING COVER ARTIST — FERNANDO
BORRELL ED FERRY JUAL PABLO MARCOS
JOUG N FRENCH BELA ROSA SUSO VILANOVA
XFRINIUS

PSYCHO

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

PSYCHO IS PUBLISHED BI-ME[illegible] BY THE SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION AT 8 EAST 41ST STREET, NEW YORK [illegible]. [illegible] PERMISSION. THIS MAGAZINE USES FICTITIOUS NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO ACTUAL PERSONS, LIVING OR DEAD, IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. [illegible] PRINTED IN CANADA. [illegible]

MARCH 1973 · NUMBER 11

A BAG OF FLEAS
...AND I DID DIE...
THE HEAD
...ROAST THEIR EVIL BONES...
A BAG OF FLEAS
BLACULA
HIT and RUN, MISS and DIE!
THE CORPSE
DON'T DIE UP THERE STANLEY
...AND I DID DIE...
DON'T DIE

MEN SHUDDER AS THEY WALK BY THIS WAREHOUSE IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. WOMEN WILL NOT WALK DOWN THIS SIDE OF THE STREET. CHILDREN WILL NOT PLAY NEARBY. IN THE ABANDONED ADJOINING TENEMENTS THERE IS A PERPETUAL FOULNESS ABOUT IT'S MAGNIFIRE WAREHOUSE THAT FRIGHTENS AND TURNS YOUR STOMACH OVER AND MAKES YOU MOVE ON BY. MAKES YOU WANT TO FORGET.
DOCTOR IT IS HUNGRY
THEN FEED IT!
THERE IS NO MORE FOOD DOCTOR...
THEN GET SOME FOOD

THIS WAREHOUSE CONTAINS SEVERAL MAD SECRETS. IT IS A PLACE WHERE NO SKY CRUSH THE AIR AROUND IT. IT IS A REATREN UNHOLY PLACE OF BUSINESS OF UNDESCRIBABLE ORIGIN... AND THE LOCALS MAKE MUCH CONJECTURE ABOUT THE SOUNDS AND THE SIGHTS AND THE SMELLS
SOME SAY THIS IS A PLACE WHERE "IT" LIVES... "IT" BEING MANY ANYWARD THINGS - - MOSTLY MONSTROUS - - THESE PEOPLE WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT IT IS... ALTHOUGH WE WILL SHORTLY...
AND NOW - - WE START OUR TALE... AND LOOK MY THEN THIS WAREHOUSE PLACE... AND COME TO KNOW THE HORROR...
...and it whispered...
...and it wept...
...and it did shudder...
...AND IT DID DIE...
TRASSH!
MEV

IT IS FED DOCTOR
GOOD! - VERY GOOD...
NOW - HELP ME WITH THIS EXPERIMENT...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOCTOR?
I AM INSULATING A CERTAIN SPECIMEN FROM ITS' FOOD WASTE...IT IS POSSIBLE, I THINK, IF I'M SUCCESSFUL - TO ACHIEVE A GOAL IN THEREBY REMOVING THE NECESSITY FOR IT TO EAT.
IT JUST WANTS TO TALK WITH YOU...
OH WELL ALRIGHT...
HELLO MY LITTLE CHIN
BUT I LIKE TO EAT, DADDY
NOW YOU DO...BUT WHEN I'M FINISHED EXPERIMENTING YOU WON'T HAVE TO...AND YOU WON'T WANT TO EITHER

OH, THAT IS VERY VERY GOOD DOCTOR... I WON'T HAVE TO KILL ANYMORE!
NO — NOT IF I'M SUCCESSFUL.
GRRRR!!
GEE WHAT I'M WANTS...
HELLO DADDY. TALK TO ME...
YOU MAY BE INTERESTED IN MY WORK TODAY, LITTLE ONE. YOU RECALL MY COMING INTO YOUR ROOM YESTERDAY FOR YOUR "AH YOUR WASTE?
WASTE? YES DADDY
WELL I HAVE MADE EXPERIMENTS WITH IT. AND IT'S POSSIBLE THAT YOU WON'T HAVE TO EAT ANYTH NG ANYMORE
HE'S VERY INTELLIGENT SAY'S HE DOCTOR."
YES — I GAVE HIM CONSIDERABLE NTELLIGENCE WHEN I CREATED HIM... HE'S COMING ALONG NICELY

DOCTOR... WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME LIKE YOU PROMISED...
I'VE BEEN WITH YOU TEN YEARS... YOU DON'T HAVE TIME IN TEN YEARS TO KEEP YOUR PROMISE?
YOU CREATED IT... THAT WASN'T EASY. WHY CAN'T YOU HELP ME?
...WHEN I HAVE TIME...
I HAVE NO TIME NOW...
...IT WAS'T EASY...
I WANT YOU TO CHANGE ME NOW!
...I CAN'T...
WHY NOT?
I JUST CAN'T. I DON'T KNOW HOW!
AFTER TEN YEARS HERE YOU SHOULD TELL ME YOU CAN'T HELP ME...
I'VE SACRIFICED MYSELF TO YOU...
WHAT HAS THAT... THAT MONSTER IN THERE EVER DONE FOR YOU? NOTHING!... WHILE I HAVE SERVED YOU FAITHFULLY
I'M SORRY - I CAN'T HELP YOU
YOU MUST...
DAMMIT
AFTER TEN YEARS YOU MUST
OH SHUT UP!
WHAT??
I SAID SHUT UP!
YOU DO OR WILL ON AND ON A THOUSAND TIMES WE'VE HAD THIS SAME CONVERSATION
AND A THOUSAND TIMES YOU'VE LIED TO ME... UNTIL TONIGHT!
WHEN YOU ADMIT YOU CAN DO NOTHING FOR ME

I HAVE NO TIME!
CHANGING YOUR HIGH FEATURES IS VERY TIME CONSUMING...
YOU CARE FAR MORE FOR IT THAN YOU DO FOR ME...
IT IS MY LIFE'S WORK IT IS VERY IMPORTANT TO ME
AND I'M NOT?
I KNOW
IT CALLS YOU DADDY.
WELL I AM ITS DADDY I CREATED IT AFTER ALL IT IS MY BRAINCHILD.
WELL HOW IF NOTHING ELSE I CAN BE RICH I CAN SELL IT TO A ZOO OR SOME CIRCUS...
AT LEAST I CAN BE RICH.
WELL THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH
PUT THAT AXE DOWN
SSSSSSSSLLLLLGGGGG!!!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY DADDY?
HE... HE'S DEAD!
NO!
NO!
MY DADDY? DEAD? DADDY-DEAD? DEAD?
Aaaarrgh!!
NO!
WHASSH!!
DADDY DARDY
AND I WHISPERED,
...AND IT WEPT AND IT SLOBBERED
ah huh hu huh huh hu hu
AND I WILL DIE WHEN THERE'S NO MORE POOR... AND NO MORE TALK... AND NO LONGER ANY REASON — FOR BEING... AL VE...
AH HUH hu hu hu

THE SCREAM SCREEN MOVIE REVIEW

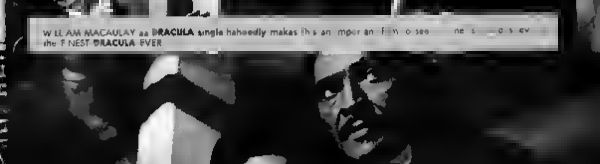
by Alan Hewetson

this is **BLACULA** he who [illegible] black-ev in the 1970's the F END cast-off from another CENTURY the f erce reaper-of-death who never wanted to be whose TORMENT is that he TOO is a VICTIM tha a a f lm about a deed y BLOODSUCKER whe DESP SES h mself aho FIGHTS hia vamp ric nature

BLACULA is **WILLIAM MARSHALL** aho so starts our rev ew of the soul-brother of the we ld's OLDEST vamp re **DRACULA** tha HUMAN BEAST whic a

BLACULA

W LL AM MACAULAY aa **DRACULA** single hahoedly makes th s an mper an f lm o see ne s o s ev the F NEST **DRACULA** EVER



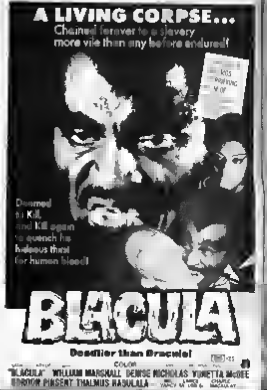
WILLIAM MARSHALL is **BLACULA** VONETTA McGEE is LUVA and TINA playing a double le as **BLACULA'S** brides Ms. McGee is a BEAUTIFUL woman

There are elements in this film which are classical and specifically 2 scenes ... 2 scenes alone qualify this film as an excellent film for the serious student of horror.

SCENE 1 — Charles Macaulay portrays the original 18th century **BLACULA** in an unusual caricature of the blood Fiend. Macaulay's performance is EXTRA-ordinary ... his actions weaves and twists and turns fill his features absolute physical and physic dominance over the African prince and his wife ... pure hatred of humanity shows from his gleaming blackish mouth ... utter irritable indignation peers from his age-master scarlet eyes ... never has **BLACULA** been portrayed so dynamically as by Charles Macaulay ... whose physical appearance is magical ... whose delivery of essentially trite dialogue is profound and masterful.

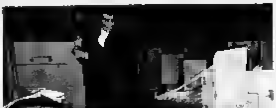
Macaulay ALONE makes this an important motion picture in the theater of horror.

SCENE 2 — female caberiver Juanita Jones (KETTY LESTER) attacks a mortuse attendant. Sam (he man) (BUSHA, COOK JR) in a powerful and dramatic execution ... is overpowered and handled. Sam is surprised while on the phone (as is the viewer) by the sudden arrival of the vamptress who ... the zoom-in, pan-left, hand-held camera work ... the gasp-ish lecherous leering ... the movie audience ... it is a superb example of modern film photography ... it is a brain-crushing scene of sheer fear ... one we recommend you DO NOT MISS.


A LIVING CORPSE...
Chained forever to a slavery more vile than any before endured!
Doomed to Kill, and Kill again to quench his hideous thirst for human blood!
BLACULA
Deadlier than Dracula!

"BLACULA" WILLIAM MARSHALL DENISE NICHOLAS VONETTA McGEE
HORROR PIMSENT THALMUS RASULALA

WILLIAM MARSHALL as **BLACULA** ... excellently cast ... his Shakespearean voice is quiet and sometimes primarily high-flying ... he does a good job of turning an awful screenplay into an acceptable story ... everybody else in the film ... in our opinion at least ... can only share equally their fault ... for the film is essentially just another outrageous ploy to make money without having to work too long or too hard on a job.



BLACULA dan ol sher anyone and anyTHING that stands in his path to POWER

One of BLACULA'S victims valiantly attacks a would-be rescuer

Afr can pr ncess Luvo s the captive of two vampire slaves while husband BLACULA confronts DRACULA

BLACULA defends h s wama n the tunnels of a great American city by slaughtering the protectors

as h s woman TRINA dies BLACULA'S reason to Lv ng s ended ha s a VICTIM this BLACULA h s reasons for be ng are not from CHOICE thus — his heart destroyed by the death of his women h s last act on this earth s SUICIDE

t s a f m we and because of the 2 scene we e suggested

a SAMUEL ARKOFF presen s an th ough AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL d rected by WILLIAM CRAIN starring WILLIAM MARSHALL VONETTA McGEE, DENISE NICHOLAS THALMUS RASULALA GORDEN PINSENT and CHARLES MACAULAY w th excellent pho ography by JOHN STEVENS

AS GREENISH SLIMES CLING TO DANK-DANK DUNGEON WALLS, SO DO GROTESQUE FACTS ADHERE TO THE DIETY OF SATAN!!! EVIL, HOWL, THE STRANGEST, MOST MAGNA-HIDEOUS
AMIDST A CLOWD IN THE COBBLED REGAL SQUARE OF JERSEY SMALLANS - A WOMAN WRETCHES THE 5 PITS OF SHOOK-FILLED AIR. THE PAINS CREEP THROUGH HER YOUTHFUL BODY AND RISE TO PITIFUL GROANS THAT ESCAPE HER TWISTED LIPS. SHE IS IN LABOR - ABOUT TO BESTOW THE
MAKE MEPHISTO'S CHILD BURN!!
DIE, MAGGOT! CREATURE OF SLIME!
...BRIDE OF THE ANTI-CHRIST!!!
AAARRGGGH AAAGGHH!
NOT NOW!! STRIKE LITTLE ONE 'TIL CLEANED IN SANITY WITHIN YOUR MOTHER'S WOMB. THE WORLD OUTSIDE IS WICKED!!
AAARRGGG!
WITH WHAT LITTLE STRENGTH MUST HAVE REMAINED IN HER, FIRE-EATEN LASS, A MOTHER PUSHES HER CHILD TO SAFETY...
YYYAAAHHHHH!!! GGGGH
WWWW
WWWW
WWWW
WHAT DEVIL'S FOLLY'S THIS PAIN
SHE HAS SAVED THE CHILD FROM THE FLAMES!!!
IT IS THE HER SPAWN!
THE ANTI-SPRING OF SATAN!
KILL IT!!! KILL IT!!!

LOOK!!!
THE CHILD COMES!!!...
...AND SO SHALL IT PERISH IN THE FLAMES WITH ITS MOTHER!!!
HA HA HAAAAA!!! DEATH TO THEM BOTH!!!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA!
...ONLY TO HAVE HER LOVE RE-CONDEMNED TO A FIERY DEATH!!!
aaaaaaaa
WWWRR
DIE!!!!
PERISH WITH YOU MOTHER...SPAWN OF SATAN...
PRINCE OF HELL!!!!
HEH HEH...

THE DAY STEAMS
THE NIGHT HAS
BEEN A NIGHT OF
UNCONSCIOUS
HORROR FOR THIS
BEAST-MACABRE
WHO NOW STANDS
STAGGERING IN THIS
HOLLOW DOORWAY
AS A MAN
INSIDE S AN OLD
MAN VERY DEAD
JUST DEPARTED
THE NIGHT BEFORE
HE HAD PUSHED A
SHOTGUN'S BUTT
INTO THIS MAN ONLY
SECONDS BEFORE
HE TURNED INTO
A HEAP
THE HEAP STRUGGLED
TO LIVE BUT THE
BODY OF ANY MAN
LEFT ALONE A HEAP
...IS ONLY 30 STRONG
AND SO HE COLLAP-
SED NEAR DEATH
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE ISLAND A SHIP
APPROACHES ONE WE
HAVE VERY LITTLE
REASON TO INFER IS
SANE... FOR FRIGATES
OF THIS DATE HAVE
NOT BEEN KNOWN
TO SAIL ANY WATERS
OF THE WORLD FOR
OVER A CENTURY
THE HEAP

THE OLD MAN MADE AN ATTEMPT TO SAVE THE MEAN'S LIFE BY AN EXTRAORDINARY OPERATION ..ONE WHICH AMAZINGLY WORKED.. BUT WHICH LEFT THE OLD MAN EXHAUSTED, AND IN HIS ALREADY-WEAK, WOUNDED CIRCUMSTANCE AT DEATH..IS
« THIS ALL HAPPENED IN PSYCHO # 10 The Archaic Edition
NOW IT IS MORNING— ON THE HILLS OF THIS MAD ISLAND JIM ROBERTS BURNS A MAN HE THOUGHT A FRIEND... STANDS BESIDE THE GRAVE ...MUTTERS WORDS WITHOUT MUCH MEANING...
AND THE MEN WHO NOW ROW TO SHORE HAVE ONLY A PHYSICAL RESEMBLANCE TO HUMANS FOR THEY ARE FIENDS OF A SORT, A SORT NEARLY BEYOND REASON, FOR THEIR BEING IS DEFINED IN WORDS AKIN TO DEPRAVITY AND MADNESS AND LUNACY BUKELY A GROUP OF FIENDS WORTHY OF STARTING OUR TALE OF
A SHIP OF FIENDS
CHAPTER 1

HOW I'M LEFT WITH ONE MINOR PROBLEM...
HOW DO I GET OFF THIS ISLAND?
DO I REALLY WANT TO, THOUGH? THE OLD MAN LIVED HERE FOR AT LEAST 20 YEARS. HE DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY PROBLEMS. NOT EVEN LONELINESS. HE HAD ROBOT CREATIONS...ALMOST HUMAN COMPANIONS IN A MAD, GROTESQUE SORT OF WAY.
BUT I HAVE NO SUCH COMPANIONS. COULD I LAST A SINGLE MONTH WITHOUT BECOMING MAD?
GOOD LORD.
AM I MAD ALREADY? THAT SHIP. SOMETHING OUT OF THE 18TH CENTURY. MEN DRESSED LIKE PIRATES. BURYING SOMETHING ON THE BEACH...
MUST BE MAD.
...JUST LIKE MY ANCESTOR, DICK. YOU ARE NOTHING BUT COMMON THIEVES. I RECRUITED FROM THE STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS...
...I ALONE AM THE ANCESTOR OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS PIRATE OF THEM ALL. CAPTAIN BLACKJACK... WHOSE NAME I HAVE INHERITED ALONG WITH HIS LUST FOR PIRACY AND ADVENTURE.
...CAPTAIN...
LOOK WHO WE FOUND CREEPIN' 'BOUT IN THE BUSHES UP ON THE HILL
WELL--WHAT WE GOT HERE?
WHO ARE YEW? HOW'D YEW GIT HE AR?
WHY'UNT YOU THROW HIM IN THE PIT TOO, CAP'N?
BURY HIM ALONG WITH THE BOOTY. HE AIN'T GONNA DO US NO GOOD.
I GOTTA BETTER IDEA.
LET HIM NOT UP THERE
18

BURY IT DEEP MATEES.. DON'T WANT NO-BODY STUMBLIN' ON IT BY ACCIDENT..
BUT I THOUGHT THIS PLACE WAS UNCHARTED...
IT IS.. I ONLY STUMBLED UPON IT MYSELF A FEW YEARS AGO BY ACCIDENT...
WE'RE NOT FAR OFF THE MAINLAND.. BOUT TEN MILES OFF LOUISIANA IN THE MEXICAN GULF.. MAKES AN EXCELLENT CUMMING GROUND FER OUR HIGH-SEAS BOOTY..
WHATTA SET-UP.. EVERY TIME SOME PLEASURE CRUISER SPOTS THIS OLD FRIGATE WE GOT THEY FULL ALONGSIDE CAUSE THEY FIGURE THEY DISCOVERED THE FLYIN' CUTCHMAN OR SOMETHIN'.. THEN WE CUMIS UP FROM BELOW DECK AND STOMP 'EM.. STRIP THE SHIP JUST LIKE OUR ANCESTORS DID.
THAT IS A LONG STORY CAPTAIN AND ONE HARDLY WORTH REPEATING...
THIS GUY IS A CREEP

THIS IS JIM ROBERTS ...NOT A HERO...NOT A MONSTER... JIM ROBERTS - A MAN - OF FLESH AND BONE...SURROUNDED LIKE AN ASTONISHING PIECE OF CARVED OAK UPON THE BOW OF THE SHIP LIKE AN ATAVISTIC MAIDENHEAD THE FIENDS WHO WOULD DO THIS TO A MAN ARE PREPARING TO WEATHER AN ONCOMING STORM THAT WILL HITHE FRIGATE PROVIDENCE...ALREADY THE SKIES GROW BLUE-BLACK AND THE WATERS OF THE ACID GULF BEGIN TO CHURN...

I CAN ONLY AWAIT THE NIGHT...

THE SQUID!*

BUT THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE - I KILLED IT OR THE HEAT KILLED IT CAN TIME ANOTHER ONE? IT STANDS TO REASON WHERE ONE EXISTED OTHERS CAN TOO...

BUT HOW CAN I BATTLE THIS ONE? HOW

FIRE AT IT FOR GOD'S SAKE FIRE...

THIS AND NOW TOTALLY HELPLESS JIM ROBERTS CRANKS UP THE SHIP AS HE CAN AND OTHERS IS READY AND WAITS FOR THE WORST TO COME ROBERTS IS ALONE ON THE SHIP AS HE PREPARES FOR THE NIGHTMARE OF HIS OWN CREATION AND PITS HIMSELF AGAINST THE UNMANNED SHIP ITSELF...THE UNMANNED

* IT WAS BATTLED IN PSYCHO #7 - THE LITCHFIELD BURBORG

MY ONLY *SALVATION* FROM *DEFINITE DEATH* WHEN THE STORM HITS!

...NO QUESTION — WHEN THIS OLD SHIP *BEGINS* TO LURCH AND BOUNCE ABOUT THIS *BIG* WAY IS GONNA GO *UNDER* WATER... I'LL *DROWN*...

I NEVER THOUGHT— GOD— I NEVER THOUGHT I'D PRAY TO TURN INTO THE *HEAP*... BUT I'M PRAYING *NOW*...

PRAY THO HE MAY— THE STORM IS WELL IN... THE NIGHT WAS LONG TURNED... AND THE MAN STAYS STRAPPED TO THE *BOW*... THE *HEAP* DOES NOT APPEAR THIS NIGHT... AND THE *REASON* MAY WELL CAUSE THE *death* OF *JIM ROBERTS*...

I'M NOT TURNING INTO THE *HEAP*... I SHOULD HAVE CHANGED *HOURS AGO*... CAN IT BE THAT I AM *CURED*? GOD— NOT *NOW*— THE FIRST TIME IN MY *LIFE* I NEED THE STRENGTH OF THE *HEAP* AND I MAY BE *CURED*... ...*BUT WHY*?

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE *SHIP* ... SOMEHOW IT HAD MADE *EFFECTS* THAT NOISE ABOARD DECK... THE MEN RUNNING ABOUT

GOOD LORD!

FIRE AT IT... FIRE!!

ALL HANDS *ON DECK*... ALL HANDS *ON DECK*...

THE STORY OF THE *HEAP* IS CONTINUED IN *FROM THE DEPTHS* #5... *CREATION IS ACTED IN THE ARCHAIC ATMOSPHERE*

NEVER HAVE I FELT SO *USELESS*— MEN DIE AROUND ME... MY OWN *LIFE* IS IN DANGER... AND I CAN DO *NOTHING*...

HOURS PASS LIKE TERRIBLE SECONDS... THE THING SLIPS BACK TO ITS OCEAN... THE SHIP IS DEATH ITSELF... GUTTING THE DECKS ARE WOULD-BE PIRATES WITH THROATS SLICKED OUT... HELPLESS, HEADLESS WOULD BE MEN WITHOUT LIVES... THE THING HAS IGNORED THE NEAR-HIDDEN JIM ROBERTS BY THE *BOW*... HE IS NOW UNCONSCIOUS... BATTERED TO UNCONSCIOUSNESS NOT BY THE BEAST... BUT BY THE ATLANTIC'S MURDEROUS *WAVES*...

- JIM ROBERTS DID NOT SEE THE MONSTER LEAVE... HE DID NOT SEE THE DEPRAVED STORM LEAVE WITH IT...

THE NOW CALM GULF WATERS GUIDE THE SHIP ALMOST AIMLESSLY TO A MACABRE DESTINATION INLAND— WHEREIN THE *HEAP* IS BORN ONCE AGAIN...

CHAPTER 2 of THE HEAP

...A WEREWOLF WITHIN...

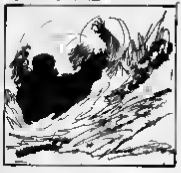
* IN ISSUE #3 OF OUR COMPANION MAGAZINE *NIGHTMARE*...WE LEFT A NOBLE *WEREWOLF* WITHIN *DARKROS MANSION*, A SWAMPSIDE-RESORT SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE EMOTIONAL EVERGLADES' SWAMP...WE PROMISED TO *RETURN*--TO THAT SCENE AND WE HERE WITH FULLFIL OUR PROMISE *THE AUTHENTIC EDITORS

I M THE OLD HEAP - MY BODY IS BLOATED--SWOLLEN--EXACTLY LIKE I WAS WHEN I WAS AN *ORK*...
AND T IS *DAYLIGHT*-- HOW IS IT I AM THE *HEAP* IN *NORMAL DAYLIGHT*...
THERE IS ONLY *ONE* EXPLANATION

* AN EXPLOSION THAT ROCKED THE PAGES OF *PSYCHO* #7 *THE AUTHENTIC EDITORS

AARRGHH
OOOOHHH
THIS TORTURED HUMAN WITHIN HAROLY HAS TIME FOR QUESTIONS FOR NOW AS H.S. EVERY THOUGHT IS GEARED FOR A FIGHT. HE HAS NO *TIME* FOR ANYMORE ENDLESS QUESTIONS...

BID WELCOME THE MUDDY MORNING HEAP.
..OHH
WAKE UP HEAP.
OH GOD. I'M THE HEAP AGAIN. BUT WHERE AM I? IN SOME FETID FORSAKEN SWAMP. BUT HOW COULD THIS FRIGATE DRIFT SO FAR INLAND? AND WHY AM I NOT DEAD?
QUESTIONS, FRIEND HEAP THAT WE CANNOT ANSWER ANY EASIER THAN YOU CAN...
..GOOD GOD...
WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS A MANSION DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE?-- OR AM I NEARER CIVILIZATION THAN I THOUGHT?
NO--IT IS TOO OLD -- DESERTED -- DECREPID
..BONES..
SOMEONE LIVED HERE NOT TOO LONG AGO--AND died HERE
..VIOLENTLY BUT HOW?
..TWO TITANS BATTLE -- OF VIRTUAL EQUAL STRENGTH THEY STUMBLE UNDER THE MIGHT OF THE OTHER -
CHOKING ME
HIS STRENGTH IS TREMENDOUS-- ALMOST BLACKING OUT-


AND THE TITANS TUMBLE..
STILL FIGHTING

...ALTHOUGH NO LONGER POINTLESSLY— FOR NOW THEY BATTLE TO ESCAPE NOT EACH OTHER — BUT THE DREADED QUICKSAND INTO WHICH THEY NOW SINK...

SINK

..AND DISAPPEAR...

DAYS AND NIGHT PASS IN THIS UGLY PLACE WITH NO SIGN OF ANY LIFE ...IS THE HEAP DEAD?
FOR THE BEAST THAT EMERGES ON THE NIGHT OF A FULL MOON DAYS LATER IS SOMEHOW DIFFERENT

IT IS A HEAP WITH DEAD EYES FOR WITHIN HIM LURKS A WEREWOLF — WITHIN HIM LIVES A THING WITH NO MIND — NO HEART — NO BRAIN
THE HEAP THAT EMERGES FROM THAT PLACE IS A HEAP WITH A WEREWOLF WITHIN
WHO WILL SLAUGHTER BLINDLY
KILL AND MAIM
THIS IS NOW A HEAP WHO IS A LUNATIC...
...AND WHEN NEXT WE MEET
...THE WORLD SHALL SHUDDER...
...MISS IT NOT

NESTLED IN THE PINE-CLAD MOUNTAINS OF CENTRAL SWITZERLAND, THE HAMLET OF MORAN PROSPERED. VILLAGERS HELD FEW WORRIES, UNTIL THOSE INFAMOUS DAYS OF 1659! A HIDEOUS YEAR THAT WITNESSED ONE OF THE LARGEST WITCH SCHISMS EVER TO STRIKE THE SCANDINAVIAN PENINSULA!..... A GRIM BATTLE RAISED AGAINST THE FORCES OF HELL, AND THE LEGIONS OF THE DEVIL..... A SATANIST HUNT THAT RESULTED IN THE MASS CRY.

...ROAST THEIR EVIL BONES...

GERTRUDE SVENSSEN, WHEN QUESTIONED ABOUT CHILDREN THAT WERE MISSING FROM THE VILLAGE, CONFESSES! THAT SHE IN ASSOCIATION WITH THEM FOR THE DEVIL'S LORE!

MOTHEERRRRRRRRR!!!

FATHERRRRR!!!

EEEEEEEEEEEE!

SAVE US!!!

PPPPLLLEEEEEAAAA$$$$

EEEEEEEEEEE!

YYYAAA!!!!!!EEEEEEEEE!

AARRRRGGGGGHHHHH

SHE CHARGED THAT SHE HAD NOT ALONE IN THIS SERVICE TO SATAN (DEMONIC SIRE)! A LARGE NUMBER OF RESPECTED CITIZENS WERE LISTED AS HER COHORTS IN CRIME!!

IN ALL, 85 WITCHES WERE BURNED AT THE STAKE IN MORAN! THEIR PLEADINGS WENT UNHEARD BY VILLAGERS WHO HAD ONCE BEEN THEIR FRIENDS!! AMONG THAT NUMBER, WERE 15 CHILDREN!!! AS THEIR BODIES WERE ENGULFED BY THE GROWING FLAMES..... AS THEIR AGEFUL REMAINS SEARCHED THE AIRS FOR LONG-LIVED SMILES..... AS THEIR KINDS BELCHED THEIR ASHES TO THE HEAVENS.....

SATAN LAUGHED, IN LUST!!!!

#2.... $2.50 #3... $1.50 #4... $1.50 #5... $1.50

THIS IS THE MAGAZINE THAT MAD MAGAZINE COPIED FROM!... THE ORIGINAL SHOCK-HORROR MAGAZINE!... IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IT JUST LOOK AT THE MEDICINE IT IN...

PSYCHO

ANNUAL $1.50 #9... $1.50 #10... $1.50 ON SALE NOV 78

...LEARN THE MACABRE ORIGIN OF THE HEAP IN ISSUE #2 THEN TAINT YOUR BRAIN CORPUSCLES IN THESE TALES OF FIENDISH OTHER-THINGS ... *THE MAN WHO STOLE ETERNITY* BY BRAINWASHED BILL EVERSETT IN #3... *FRANKENSTEIN* BY TERRIBLE TOM SUTTON IN #4... AND LOSE COMPLETE HOLD OF YOUR SANITY IN *THE FILTHY LITTLE HOUSE OF HORROR* BY FABRIC RAIN TORRENTS IN *PSYCHO* #5...!

NIGHTMARE IS THE MAGAZINE OF CORPSES, CADAVERS, CREEPS, CRETINS AND MACABRE CRABS!... WHERE UNKNAWE, MANYA MOUTHED GHOULS LURK AND LURCH THROUGH ARCHAIC, SEANCE-LIKE SETTINGS ANTICIPATING ABOUT AND WAITING TO ENTER YOUR IMMORTAL SOUL!... GRAB ONTO A COPY OF THIS BEAST BY SUFFERING SID SHORES IN ISSUE #1 ... *TUNNELS OF HORROR* BY BRAINLESS PABLO MARCOS IN #2 ... *ON A GRAVE BENEATH THE SEA* BY BENT BYRNES IN THE ANNUAL... AND *THE THING IN THE ALLEY* BY ARCHAIC AL AND BYRONS BRAIN WRIGHTING IN #3 ... ALL IN...

#1... $2.00 #2 $2.00

#3... $1.50 #8... $1.50

NIGHTMARE

#9... $1.50 #10... $1.50 ANNUAL $1.50 #11... $1.50

HEREIN IS WHERE YOU CAN OBTAIN CERTAIN MANIACAL ASTONISHING CORRUPT HARD-TO-GET MINT WEIRDO SCHOCKER COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS FROM OUR...

BACK ISSUE DEPARTMENT

AND IN THE PROCESS PROVING YOURSELF WITH MANY AWKWARD EVENINGS OF OFTEN-LITERATE GRAPHIC ENTERTAINMENT...

#1 $2.00

HELL-RIDER

HAVE YOU MET THE THE HELL-RIDER ? HAVE YOU SMASHED INTO HELL ON THE NOMROR-CYCLE ? SOAR ONTO THESE 2 AND ONLY 2 ISSUES OF THE ORIGINAL BIKE RIDING SUPERHERO BY GROTESQUE GARY FRIEDRICH, WHO TEAMED UP WITH THE BASHFUL WILD BUNCH AND THE BRAVE FULL LIPPED MISS BLACK BUTTERFLY TO CAPTURE YOUR BRAIN PEBBLES AND SHAKE THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE

#2 $2.00

#1 $2.00

#2 $2.00

THE CRIME MACHINE

THE MAGAZINE OF GANGSTERS DOLLS AND ATROCIOUS UNBELIEVABLE EVIL... FOR THESE WEIRD 3 FAT-ONES ARE ABOUT THE AWFUL DAYS WHEN AL CAPONE, DUTCH SCHULTZ, BABY FACE NELSON AND OTHER PUNKS WERE WARLORDS AND RULED THE STREETS. LEARN OF THEIR CRIMES, LIVES AND PRETENDED BRITTLE LOVES IN THE ONLY 2 ISSUES OF CRIME-MACHINE. THE MAGAZINE THAT'LL CRIPPLE YOUR WEIRD LITTLE MACABRE BRAIN

ARCHAIC CASH ENCLOSED —$—

for CRIME-MACHINE #1☐ #2☐

for HELL-RIDER #1☐ #2☐

for PSYCHO #2☐ #3☐ #4☐ #5☐ ANNUAL☐ #9☐ #10☐

NIGHTMARE #1☐ #2☐ #3☐ #8☐ #9☐ ANNUAL☐ #10☐ #11☐

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY AND STATE

-SEND YOUR ARCHAIC COUPON TO **SKYWALD PUBLISHING**-18 EAST 41 ST - NEW YORK N Y 10017-

THE *ASCENT* TO MANY A *THRONE* IS OFTEN RIDDLED AND UNDERLINED IN *BLOOD*——*BUT, NONE* ARE SO *STRANGE* OR *HIDEOUS* AS . .

HER MAJESTY--THE CORPSE

THE ONCE BEAUTIFUL *INEZ DE CASTRO* SITS BEFORE HER SUBJECTS!! TWO YEARS BEFORE, SHE AND HER THREE CHILDREN WERE THE TARGET OF AN *ASSASINE* PLOT. IT WAS AN ACT OF *JEALOUSY* AND *INJUSTICE* THAT DEBOED THE YOUNG INEZ TO THE REALM OF *DEATH!!* IT WAS A *GRAVE WRONG*, THAT HER HUSBAND *DOM PEDRO*, SON OF *ALPHONSO* THE 4TH-*KING* OF *PORTUGAL*, *AVENGED*.

BEFORE HIS *CORONATION* DOM PEDRO HAD HIS WIFE'S REMAIN *EXHUMED* FROM THE *VAULT*, AND DRESSED IN THE *ROBES* OF A *QUEEN*; EACH NOBLE AND WAS THE *CUSTOM* AT THE TIME, HAD TO *KNEEL* BEFORE THE SKELETAL, *STRETCHED-SKIN BEAUTY* ON THE THRONE . *AND TOUCH HIS LIPS TO THE HEM OF HER ROBES!!!*

TO YOUR KNEES IN THE PRESENCE OF *HER MAJESTY YOUR QUEEN!!!*

IN THE *END*, IT WOULD SEEM THAT INEZ DE CASTRO HAD HER LAST LAUGH ON THOSE WHO HAD *SCORNED* HER MARRIAGE, AND *PLOTTED* HER *DEATH*——FOR ONLY, *NO LAUGHTER WAS HEARD, JUST THE CRACKING OF PARCH-MENT-LIKE SKIN, AS HER CORPSE TEETERED ON THE PLUSH THRONE OF PORTUGAL !!!*

FEDERICO RAINS

CHICAGO IN THE TWENTIES WAS NOT UNLIKE ANY OTHER AMERICAN CITY OF THE SAME DECADE. FROM BITTER BEARED ITS SANCTIMONIOUS HEAD TO CONFRONT THE EVILS OF ALIQUOR, SODDEN POPULACE — AND GANGSTERISM LOOMED EVEN MORE MASSIVE TO BATTLE PROHIBITION WITH BOOTLEG WHISKEY AND SAWTOOTH GUN, CHATTERING MACHINEGUNS AND RUTHLESS MASS DEATH. THE HORRORS OF MOB CRIME WERE MATCHED ONLY BY THE HORROR OF A MALIGNED CORPSE PICTURED TO GHASTLY LIFE WHEN SYNDICATE HIT-MEN— ASSASSINS FALLED TO KEEP THE WARNING
MOENCH + VILANOVA
HIT and RUN: MISS and DIE!

IT STARTED AT 2 AM ON A TUESDAY EARLY-MORNING IN JULY OF 1926, AT A PHARMACEUTICAL SUPPLY WAREHOUSE ON THE WHARVES FLANKING THE STAGNANT CHICAGO RIVER...
THIS IS THE PLACE! THINK WE'D BE DOIN' ENOUGH BUSINESS WITH WHISKEY 'N GIN, THOUGH...
ACME PHARMACEUTICAL SUPPLIES
DOPE'S GONNA BE A BIG THING SOON... GONNA BE A THRIVING BUSINESS.
I WAS INSIDE, TRYIN' MY ILLEGIT TIME FOR MONEY AND GETTIN THE WORST END OF THE DEAL. THE BRAKEMAN... SWIPE FROM ONE TIL' NINE IN THE MORNING, AIN'T NO BED OF ROSES AND ONLY ONE HOUR OF THE LONG STRETCH HAS PASSED...
I WAS TIRED AND TIRED OF FEELING SORRY FOR MYSELF. SO I FELL ASLEEP... NOTH'N UNUSUAL... BESIDES, THE BOOK I'D BEEN READING WAS DULL...
I WAS A SHORT NAP SOMETHING WOKE ME UP - MAYBE IT WAS LIKE THAT ESP STUFF TO BEEN READING ABOUT N THAT BORING BOOK... OR MAYBE THE GUY WITH THE BLACKJACK HAD SQUEAKY SHOES
HUH—
IT WAS A SHORT NAP ALL RIGHT, BUT THE NEXT ONE MIGHT MEAN MADE UP FOR IT...
WWWHAAAAPH

C'MON—HE'LL BE OUT FOR HOURS. NOW WHAT WERE THE NAMES OF THOSE THINGS WE'RE SUPPOSED TO PICK UP?
I DUNNO. I THOUGHT YOU KNEW SOMETHIN' LIKE MORE FREE HAIR ON HIS COME KANE OR KANE COME, SOUNDED LIKE THAT...
WELL, WE'LL TAKE THIS HERE STUFF. SHOULD BE AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER, KARNO'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT IT IS ANYWAY— WHEN HE ASKS US IF IT'S THE RIGHT STUFF WE'LL JUST SAY YEAH
YEAH—BESIDES, THIS PURCHASER'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US OR KARNO BY THE TIME HE FINDS OUT THIS IS THE WRONG STUFF MIGHT NOT EVEN BE ABLE TO LOOK FOR US AFTER HE TAKES THIS STUFF...
AND WE'LL ALREADY HAVE THE MONEY SO IT DOESN'T MUCH MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO THE FREAKS WHO USE THIS STUFF.
BUT, MISTER KARNO, THE CREEP ONLY SAW US FOR A SECOND
WHICH IS PLENTY OF TIME TO FASTEN YOUR UGLY MUG ON HIS MEMORY YOU IDIOT AND IF HE F*CKERS YOU TWO, I'M NOT FAR BEHIND IN THE RACE TO THE LOCK-UP TANK!
AND IN CASE YOU TWO BAMBOOZLES DON'T KNOW IT YET, IN THIS BUSINESS WE LEAVE NO EVIDENCE BEHIND AND EVIDENCE INCLUDES THE MEMORY OF A BLACKJACKED WATCHMAN. NOW YOU GIT YOUR CRAWLY KIDDIES BACK THERE AND MANUFACTURE A CORPSE... HIT HIM AND HIT HIM GOOD!

I CAME TO WITH MY SKULL FEELING LIKE BRITTLE SHRAPNEL AND THE MOCHA BRAIN INSIDE LIKE A YOLK SLOSHING AROUND, REAL LOOSE. IT TOOK ME A WHILE TO EVEN REALIZE I WAS AWAKE, AND LONGER THAN THAT TO NOTICE I WAS IN A CAR...

BY THE TIME I REALIZED I WAS IN TROUBLE, THE CAR HAD PULLED UP TO AN OLD CRUMBLY BUILDING TUCKED AWAY IN THE RUN-DOWN SECTION OF THE NEAR-NORTH SIDE

LAST STOP, ALL OUT. RIDE'S OVER, AND WE'VE GOT A *SURPRISE* FOR YOU...

THE MAN WITH WHOM I APPARENTLY HAD AN APPOINTMENT DIDN'T SEEM TOO GLAD TO SEE ME...

I SHOULD'VE *KNOWN!* I SHOULD'VE *KNOWN!* ONLY TWO SCENES ARE STUPID, YOU KNOW THAT? REALLY *STUPID*— THEY HAVEN'T *INVENTED* THE WORDS TO DEAL WITH YOUR STUPIDITY YET. YOU'RE *CLASSICS* OF *STUPIDITY!* WHAT STUPID *MARVIN* DO YOU HAVE FOR FINISHING THIS OLD *HERE?!*

W-WE THOUGHT YOU'D WANTA BE IN ON IT. THE RITUAL, YOU KNOW? YOU HAVEN'T MARRIED ONE YET

THERE HASN'T *BEEN* ONE AS INSIGNIFICANT AS THIS YET. I ONLY ATTEND *MARVIN* THAT WITH THIS DOLLAR-A-HOUR NIGHT-JOCK HASN'T DONE ANYTHING TO ME. KNOCKING HIM OFF'S ONLY A PRECAUTIONARY HEADLINE— AND IT *FIGURES* THAT YOU TWO KNOTS COULDN'T EVEN HANDLE THAT. I GET RID OF HIS BODY THE *USUAL* WAY

COME ON, FAL— YOU'RE GOING FOR A SWIM— IN A STARCHED BATHING SUIT.

I GUESS I STRUGGLED TO STALL FOR TIME ALTHOUGH I DIDN'T DO ME ANY GOOD.

NICE SET-UP YOU GOT HERE, MISTER. KAHNO MUST BE A LOT OF E QUICK IN THOSE SHOTS. HATE TO SEE THIS PLACE CLOSED DOWN ON ACCOUNT OF ME SUDDENLY SCREAMING MY LUNGS OUT

FAT CHANCE, PUNK— THIS PLACE IS SOUNDPROOF! CAN'T LET THE SOUNDS OF OUR DISTILLERY EQUIPMENT LEAK OUT TO NOISE UP THE NEIGHBORHOOD. THIS PLACE IS *ANTITHET* ONCE OUTSIDE THE DOOR, YOU CAN'T SMELL, EVEN SMELL *PHUMES* OF THE 100 ME BOTTLE HERE...

IT FIGURED. IT WAS JUST MY LUCK THAT MY DEATH WAS FOR NOTHING -- WORTHLESS EVEN TO THE SYNDICATE...

NOW GET THIS FUNK OUT OF MY SIGHT -- AND TAKE THIS USELESS JUNK WITH YOU ! ASK YOU TWO IDIOTS TO MAKE A SIMPLE NIGHTTIME HIT--YOU BOOBS MUDDLE OFF WITH THE WRONG BODY -- WE CAN'T SELL THIS! GET RID OF IT WITH THE BODY!

SURE, MISTER KARNO.

KARNO WAS RIGHT ABOUT THEM BEING STUPID BUT HOW COULD THEY BOTCH A JOB THEY'D PROBABLY PERFORMED A DOZEN TIMES AND COULD HOW DO IN THEIR SLEEP... ?

KARNO'S EVEN SMARTER THAN WE THOUGHT. HURRY UP WITH THAT CEMENT -- IT TAKES TIME TO CRY AND I WANNA SNOOZE.

YOU JUST TIE HIS HANDS REAL GOOD ! I'VE GOT AN IDEA FOR GETTING RID OF THIS STUFF WE LIFTED FROM THE WAREHOUSE-REAL CONVENIENT, TWO BIRDS WITH ONE SINK...

IT WAS PROBABLY THE MOST CREATIVE THING THEY'D EVER DONE AND ALSO THE BEGINNING OF THEIR END, THOUGH I DIDN'T YET KNOW IT.

WE JUST MIX THE STUFF INTO THE CEMENT WHILE IT'S STILL LIQUID, AND THE WHOLE MESS HARDENS...

... AROUND OUR LITTLE WHIZ-KID WATCHMAN'S FEET!

BESIDES BEING THE *LAST* TWO HOURS I'D EVER SPEND, IT WAS ALSO THE *LONGEST* TWO. STANDING UP ALL THAT TIME WASN'T BOTHERING ME... IT WAS THE PROSPECT OF STANDING ON THE RIVER FLOOR FOR THE REST OF *ETERNITY* THAT HAD ME WORRIED

I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE ABSOLUTE HORROR OF THIS SITUATION — THE HELPLESSNESS AND HOPELESSNESS OF TIED HANDS AND CEMENTED FEET. THE RUSH OF THE RIVER'S IMPLACABLE SURFACE AS I WAS WHEELED OFF THE PIER. THE THROAT-CHOKED PANIC AND THE IMPERVIOUS BLUE SQUEEZE OF CLAUSTROPHOBIA.

SO LONG, FISH. BAIT. DON'T POLLUTE THE WATER TOO MUCH!

KA-PLOOSHH!

I REMEMBER IDIOTICALLY FEELING HOW COLD THE WATER WAS. IT WAS LIKE BEING STUFFED WITH SOMETHING STUFFED UNTIL IT CAME OUT MY NOSE BURNING LIKE FIRE IN THE COLD WATERS, PIERCING AGONY INHABITING MY CHEST SWELLING AND BILLING UNTIL IT BURST

AND UNTIL I DIED, A MURDEROUS SHRIEK OF DESPERATION DROWNED AND MUFFLED IN A LAST FLOOD OF AIR BUBBLES...

MY CORPSE MUST HAVE STAYED AND BOBBED LIKE A CHILD'S BASE WEIGHTED ROLY POLY TOY — BUT SOMETHING I WAS A CHILD'S NIGHTMARE, MY CARCASS BEGINNING TO DETERIORATE UNDER THE CORROSIVE EFFECTS OF THE SALT-CLOGGED WATER, BLOATED TO HIDEOUS PROPORTIONS

THANK PROVIDENCE I COULDN'T FEEL THE RAVAGES OF THOSE SHARP TEETH AS THEY FED UPON MY WATERLOGGED CARRION. NIBBLING AND SNATCHING GULPING AND RENDING MY EVEN MORE TAINTED AND DISINTEGRATED FLESH

THEN I AWOKE... TO THE CONSUMMATE REPULSION OF INHABITING THIS GUTSY HUSK OF MAGGOT-RIDDEN PUTRESCENCE! I WAS FILLED WITH WATER, AND I WAS FILLED WITH LIFE, A PERVERTED, CRUEL LIFE OF PERPETUAL DEATH.

I WAS AWARE OF A CLOUD OF **BUBBLES** RISING FROM THE CEMENT IN WHICH I WAS ROOTED LIKE A **DEAD TREE**. PERHAPS THE STOLEN PHARMACEUTICAL SUBSTANCE WHICH HAD **BEEN INJECTED** WITH THE **LIVING CEMENT** HAD **REACTED** AND UNITED WITH THAT CEMENT TO FORM SOME WEIRDY COMPOUND...

AND PERHAPS THAT HERETOFORE UNKNOWN COMPOUND HAD **PERMEATED** THE **PORES** OF MY **FEET** AND **ANKLES** AND HAD **REJUVENATED ME**. HAD **CRAMMED ME** WITH A **TITLE ANIMATION**... QUIET **MATTER**—I WAS **ALIVE**. AND I'D FIND OUT IF I WAS IN **HELL**. I BURST THE **ROPES** AROUND MY **ROTTEN WRISTS BASILY**...

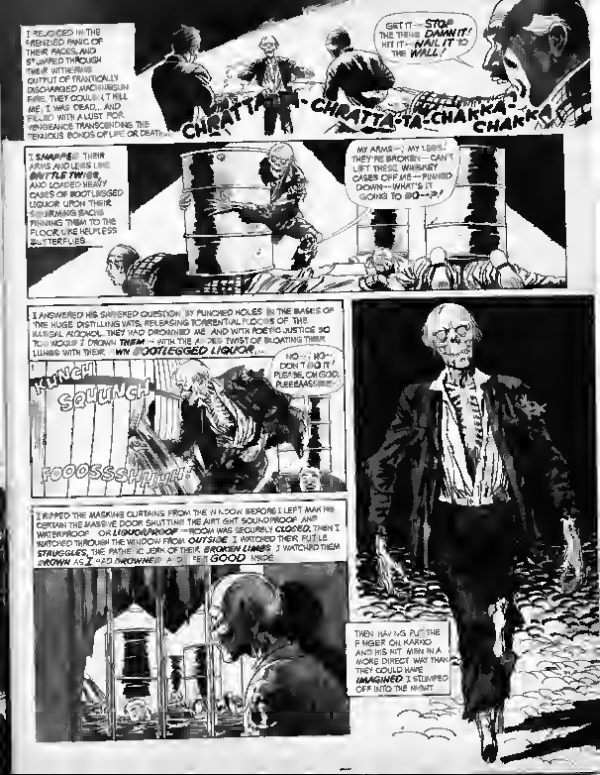
BUT I WAS STILL HELD FAST BY THE CEMENT. I BENT AT THE WAIST INTO THE **FIZZ** OF BUBBLES EMANATING FROM **BOOK AMBER** AND...

...AND **HACKED WITH MY TEETH AT MY ANKLE ABOVE THE CEMENT SURFACE**...

UNTIL IT **HAS FREE** AND I COULD **DEVOTE MY ATTENTION TO THE OTHER**. STILL **ENTOMBED LEG**...

MY BLOOD HAD LONG SINCE BEEN FREED OF ITS VEINS AND **OXIDIZED** INTO THE **MURKY RIVER**. NOTHING FLOWED FROM THE **RAGGED STUMPS** OF MY **ANKLES** AS I STRUGGLED TO THE SURFACE AGAINST THE HINDRANCE OF MY **HEAVILY ELEVATED BOOK**...

I WAS CONSCIOUS OF NO PAIN AS I SCULLED MYSELF UP ONTO THE FLAT AND STUMPED DOWN ITS WEATHERBEATEN PLANKS TOWARD LAND. I WAS CONSCIOUS OF A STRANGE, EXCLUSIVE AND OVERWHELMING DESIRE FOR REVENGE.
HOBBLING WITH AN UNBELIEVABLE SPEED UPON THE SEVERED STUMPS OF MY SHIN-LIKE ANKLES, I TROD THE WELL-REMEMBERED COURSE TO THE BOOTLEG DISTILLERY, FALLING EVERY FEW STEPS, SCRAMBLING UP AND PROGRESSING RELENTLESSLY UNTIL THE ANOCCULOUS-SEEMING BUILDING WAS IN SIGHT...
WITHOUT WARNING OR PRE-THOUGHT OF THE CONSEQUENCES, I USED MY SUPRANORMAL STRENGTH TO BATTER DOWN THE DISTILLERY'S OUTER DOOR WITH ONE CRUNCHING BLUDGEON OF MY ATROPHIED ARM...
SCRUNCH!!
THE DOOR WAS UNLOCKED. I OPENED IT, ENTERED, AND CLOSED IT BEHIND ME WITH CAREFUL STEALTH...
INSIDE THE AIRTIGHT DISTILLERY I WAS INUNDATED WITH THE CLANKING SOUNDS OF THE VAST DISTILLING MACHINES AND THE PUNGENT SCENT OF FERMENTING LIQUOR. THE RATS WERE STILL THERE AND IN OPERATION... AND SO WERE KANKO AND HIS TWO HENCHMEN, ALBEIT COMATOSELY. I MUST HAVE BEEN GONE A LONG TIME...
HOLY--! WHAT IS THAT THING?! GET HIM--HIT HIM!
IT'S LIKE NOTHING I NEVER SEEN BEFORE--!


I REJOICED IN THE FRENZIED PANIC OF THEIR FACES, AND AS I LURCHED THROUGH THEIR WITHERING OUTPUT OF FRANTICALLY DISCHARGED MACHINE-GUN FIRE, THEY COULD KILL ME, I WAS DEAD... AND FILLED WITH A LUST FOR VENGEANCE TRANSCENDING THE TENUOUS BONDS OF LIFE OR DEATH...
GIRT IT— STOP THE THING! DAMN IT! HIT IT— NAIL IT TO THE WALL!
CHRATTA-TA-CHRATTA-TA-CHAKKA-CHAKKA
I SHARPED THEIR ARMS AND LEGS LIKE BRITTLE TWIGS, AND LOOSED HEAVY CASES OF BOOTLEGGED LIQUOR UPON THEIR SQUIRMING BACKS, PINNING THEM TO THE FLOOR LIKE HELPLESS BUTTERFLIES
MY ARMS— MY LEGS! THEY'RE BROKEN— CAN'T LIFT THESE, WHISKEY CASES OFF ME— PINNED DOWN— WHAT'S IT GOING TO DO—?!
I ANSWERED HIS SNIVELED QUESTION BY PUNCHED HOLES IN THE BASES OF THE HUGE DISTILLING VATS, RELEASING TORRENTIAL FLOODS OF THE MUSICAL ALCOHOL. THEY HAD DROWNED ME, AND WITH POETIC JUSTICE SO TOO WOULD I DROWN THEM — WITH THE AID OF THIS TWIST OF BLOATING THEIR LUNGS WITH THEIR OWN BOOTLEGGED LIQUOR...
NO— I WO— DON'T DO IT! PLEASE, OH GOD, PLEEEAAASSSE—
KLUNCH!
SQUUNCH
FOOOSSSSHHHH!!!
I RIPPED THE MASKING CURTAINS FROM THE WINDOW BEFORE I LEFT, MAKING CERTAIN THE MASSIVE DOOR SHUT TIME THE AIR-TIGHT SOUND-PROOF AND WATERPROOF OR LIQUID-PROOF WINDOW WAS SECURELY CLOSED, THEN I WATCHED THROUGH THE WINDOW FROM OUTSIDE I WATCHED THEIR FUTILE STRUGGLES, THE PATHETIC JERK OF THEIR BROKEN LIMBS I WATCHED THEM DROWN AS I HAD DROWNED A GREAT GOOD INSIDE
THEN, HAVING PUT THE FINISHER ON KARNO AND HIS NIT-WITS IN A MORE DIRECT WAY THAN THEY COULD HAVE IMAGINED, I STUMPED OFF INTO THE NIGHT

A BUNCH of ANSWERS

...ple poked out there ... you WEIRD readers ... you have made the archaic editors VERY happy ... you resemble to the BUNCH OF JESTIONS in NIGHTMARE #1 and as an OVERWHELMING way ... we were RELIEVED by your response

we have read every word of every letter you sent us (we always ... this is the truth ... please believe this) ... we are encouraged by your support and, ESPECIALLY, INTERESTED in your CRITIQUES

we are SO interested in them ... that the issue is officially the first of PHASE TWO ... and for the very good REASONS that only readers can respond to ... Many are now going into operation in the next few issues ... just see MORE changes ... what YOU want and what WE want to GIVE you ... what YOU WANT!!! ... we are devoting these extra-slender pages to a lease (and next) to some of your letters ... and in NIGHTMARE #12 there will appear A BIGGER BUNCH OF QUESTIONS for you to answer ... so KEEP writing and continue to BATE about those accordians to what you liked least through to the least

it's the ONLY way we can CONTINUE to improve and make things the way YOU like em ... we'll put out

Mr Chung Wang of New York writes ... your issues have progressed at the greatest rate ... over any other magazine on the market ... in just four issues ... I am grateful you mentioned PHASE and PSYCHO #5. Things like that, and time for your publication's point, but for reader reversion are ... while that's ... and will reflect ... in the very near future

Apparently our mention of PHASE drew a number of inquiries at the editorial offices of that excellent French periodical

Seth Phlahn of Sayreville, New Jersey writes ... "I'm a regular HORROR-MONSTER ... in a pure genius as she and should appear in every issue." What ... it takes to see in the stories a more experienced ... to different types of drawing ... wash screentone, colored ink, etc. ... Seth ... gained a copy of his fanzine TARGET #10 which we looked through and came up with the following reference ... h a NAT TENINO column ... on the theme running some NIGHTMARE #9 and the NIGHT

MARE ANNUAL ... Nick publishing Blade contains a very high standard of art and story completely equaling and sometimes just ... and, short ... Blade ... reminiscent of the B.C. horror line of comics. My fav is that SKY-WALL, which seems to have dropped ... HELL RIDER and CRIME MACHINE ... Why is consistence in as horror titles, will ... the WARRIEN lined ... satisfied money in the very near future

Steve Bisley of Gerringong, ... Jersey ... writes ... please ... include more extravaganza ... hats ... the SCYWALD line

see ... hundred on Juvenile Delinquent Jay Lynch in NIGHT MARE #11!

Tina Harvey of Carmella Heights, New York, ... "more vampires, witches and more on the occult and horror stories about in age that COULD happen ... and occasional 'funny' ho hos

MOST readers want more HORROR ... some are ... we're opposed and so is "funny" ... note ... we refer the reader to SKYWALL RE-WRITES THE GREAT HORROR-MONSTER which is intended as comic relief ... certainly good stuff!

... Neil McKenney of Georgetown, Kentucky, 15, writes ... features the occasional classic horror ... and ...

... Walsh for Edgar Allan Poe's PREMATURE BURIAL ... classic ... which ... Bernie Wrightson ... by Acclaim Al and Xchaeologic ...

... Reed of Wadsworth New York writes ... "more covers like PSYCHO #5 and a full page ... when no room ... done by Howerton and Ma ...

... wants for GREEF soon ... I think that is EXACTLY ...

Dave Bilsen of Nerton, Ohio, ... writes ... I would like more ghost stories, tales of ... and if that is the way with the issue as a whole at least ... more THOUGHT ... please Rod Serling style ...

... we FOLLOW ISSUE is PSYCHO #14 ... and it is ...

... Sparks of Pleasanton ... writes ... I think you should have another horror ... as ...

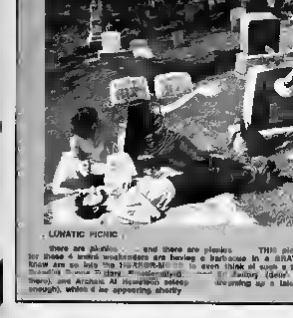
SCREAM ... course it is coming ... how it coming ... IMMINENTLY!!

Rebe l Burros of Ridgewood, New Yo k, aged 35 d ik, gives ... used comics in a prison ... kids who can't afford comics ... but sincere thanks you to this concerned ... dement man who might be amused by YOU ... In this money crushing ... soc ety many readers take their leases in a 2nd hefee store or such and SELL their used comics for MONEY ... now YOU is US which you in ik is the better thing to do when you is in such with that bit pile of old comics? YOU TELL US! ... why can't you and your friends get together and POOL your ... and find out where the local orphanage is ... then ... once a month give your used ... to those kids ... maybe a staggering you give up your COLLECTION ... but you do buy some ... you don't buy ... you don't you? ... he is what you can DO with them ...

... are you a money conscious ORETIN or are you an imaginative human ... Robert Du ing?

Mike Sarrow of Brighton, Massachusetts, 23, writes ... the best ... features ... horror ... one are WARREN ...

... we do NOT ... absolute ... WARREN



... there are plenty ... and there are plenties ... THIS picnic finally bends the mind a bit, for those 4 weird wonderers are having a barbecue in a GRAVEYARD ... only 4 people we know are so into the supernatural ... to even think of such a thing ... Jaqueline Hawkins ... Beautiful Dreamer Story ... Wonderworld ... Fantasy (Debi) ... are cooking up the monstrous ... Steve Sherry, and Archaia. At Hawkwood Abbey ... drumming up a tale naked LUNATIC PICNIC, (oddly enough), which ... the appearing shortly

to Forrest PABLO MARCOS ...

this man may not look it ... but he has an ... ghoul, MAN!! His lunatic contributions to the SKYWALK ... are BLOOD-CURDLING daily outbursts, except to suggest that they are the ultimate expression of pure GRAPHIC MADNESS ...

Pablo received more ... compliments as an artist in our BUNCH OF GUESTWORKS sessions than any other artist in the mixed-bunch ... an astonishing compliment for a retarded, crippled dwarf who has to draw with a brush between his TEETH ...

he was a brotherhood

Ms. Luella Mesenger of Brooklyn, New York, 24, writes ... please ... please ... free ads ...

good grief ... we only have 4 pages ... that's less than any other magazine in the field! ...

Hector Rambla of New York City writes ... I'm glad to see that you've added the great BASIL WOLVERTON to your team ... now if only you could get GAHAN WILSON ...

... Bad Basil's position on the mixed-team is an honorary one. Hector ... in NIGHTMARE #12 (discussed below) will be appropriately with an original and unpublished macabre cartoon ...

Norma Redpath of Macon, Georgia, 23, writes ... your stories are better than Red Sonja's ... and he's pretty good ...

... who is the RED SERLING of you everybody blame us for? hah hah

Many readers like Tony Crow of Yonkers, Saskatchewan, 15, and not want to publish the magazine by leaving out the coupons ... and so wrote a letter instead ... "you'd like to see a magazine-size, asking for $1.00. But only as a special issue ... I wouldn't want an NIGHTMARE every month ... issues large as to that high a price ...

... ain't worry comrade ... we ARE only talking about a SPECIAL ISSUE every now and then ...

Delay Eh Ich of Brooklyn New York, IT writes ... I love my used copies to PHENEX to ... and ...

... several readers have suggested they've done this and similarly complained I tends to the horror-mood ...

John Pasquale of Bronx New York, IV, writes ... I like HORROR MOOD ... now appreciate both as the FRANKENSTEIN series are grade appreciated ...

FRANKENSTEIN in 1973 has a really been acclaimed by Archie C Al and Vicenius Villanova, is working on the artwork this very minute ... it'll be released shortly along with several BRAND-NEW continued characters to come among the HEAP and THE HUMAN GARGOYLES ... all of which received have reviews ...

Michael Fleming of Richmond, Virginia, writes ... our favorite writer is ALAN HEWETSON ...

Archaic Al scores the highest ... of all ... I could congratulate myself in my own failure ... than I would but I can't, so I won't ... but thanks people ...

Joseph Peterson of Chicago Illinois 18 writes in that same method ... "why do you always write your letters / editorial column in the 3rd person ... you must be a very macabre person, Al ...

... I don't know why I do it Joe, but let me tell you IT GETS VERY VERY CONFUSED after a while ...

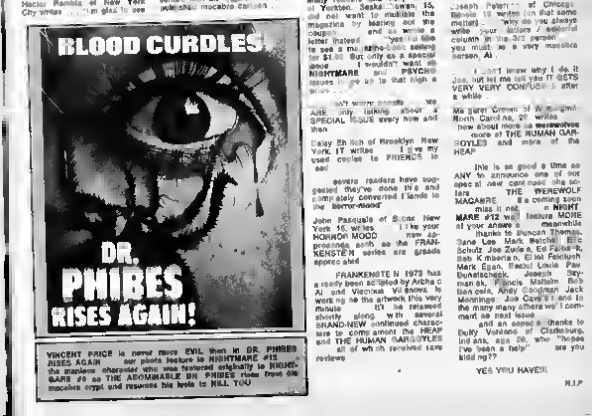
Mr Jerry Crown of Mountain North Carolina, 21 writes ... how about more ... marvelous more of THE HUMAN GARGOYLES and more of the HEAP ...

This is as good a time as ANY to announce one of our specs of new continuing series ... THE WEREWOLF MAGABRE ... it's coming soon ... miss it not ... in NIGHTMARE #12 will feature MORE of your answers ... meanwhile thanks to Duncan Thomas, Jane Lee Mark Batchelor, Ellie Schultz Joe Zuela, Ed Fisher-Ir, Bob K Mierta-n, Ed Hellbush Mark Bash, Pascal Louis Paul Bunatschek, Joseph Seymanah, Francis Mahon Bolton cole, Andy Goodman Jack Mantringe, Joe Carr-I and to the many many others we'll comment on next issue ...

... and a special thanks to Dolly Vohlans of Charleston, Indiana, age 38, who "hopes I've been a help" ... are you kidd ng??

YES YOU HAVE!!!

H.I.P.


BLOOD CURDLES
DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN!
VINCENT PRICE is never more EVIL than in DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN ... our photo feature in NIGHTMARE #12 ... the maniacal character who was featured originally in NIGHTMARE #9 as THE ABOMINABLE DR PHIBES rises from his macabre crypt and resumes his lusts to KILL YOU

THIS IS THE MACABRE STORY OF A SINGLE NIGHT... AND A SHATTERING MORNING AFTER... IT CONCERNS A POPULAR REAL-LIFE NIGHT-CLUB T.V. PERSONALITY CALLED, MIRTH ONLY, 'STANLEY'— IT IS HIS STORY AND HE TELLS IT TO US RATHER SHUDDERINGLY... HALTINGLY...

...PRIMP NOW STANLEY, GO OVER THE ROUTINES AND PERFECT YOUR PERFORMANCE AS YOU DRESS AND MAKE READY FOR THE NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE...

WHATEVER THOUGHTS YOU MAY HIDE—WHATEVER INSECURITIES YOU MAY HARBOR ABOUT YOUR MATERIAL—NOW THEY NO LONGER MATTER... YESTERDAY IS DONE... THE LAST GREAT REHEARSAL IS OVER... TONIGHT HAS COME AND THE PERFORMANCE OF YOUR LIFE BEGINS CLOSER...

DON'T DIE UP THERE STANLEY

THE STATEN ISLAND PUB...NEVER HEARD OF IT... STILL...? A BOOKING WORTH $ILLS FOR ONE WEEK! TILL...AY ANYWHERE...
TONIGHT -- T.V. NIGHT-PERSONALITY: STANLEY
IN PERSON: CLUB COMIC
THE STATEN ISLAND PUB
50 TV
...DOESN'T LOOK TOO DUMPY THO... I'VE PLAYED IN PLACES FAR WORSE... AND WHAT A NIGHT... DON'T USUALLY MIND THE RAIN... BUT TONIGHT IT SEEMS UNUSUALLY DIRTY...
...WELL, I'VE GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT THAN DIRTY RAIN... LIKE OPENING NIGHT STOMACH JITTERS... GNAWING IN MY GUT...
I FEEL APPREHENSIVE AS ALL HELL -- I DON'T WANNA BOMB JUST BECAUSE OF A FEW LOUSY NERVES!
MCGEE-EM T-SHIRTS
...THIS NIGHT IS VIRTUALLY PETRIFIED... THE RAIN STINKS, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH UNRECOGNIZABLE MUCK; THE NIGHTCLUB LOOMS, INVITING FROM THE OUTSIDE... BUT WITHIN THE SHOWER AND LIQUOR SMELL AND DIRTY SWEAT CURDLES IN UGLY PUDDLES OUT THE FLOOR... IT IS A FETID NIGHT...
...ONE WITH WHICH WE START OUR TALE
DEDICATED TO THE REAL LIFE STANLEY

DAMN... CAN HARDLY BREATHE THIS AIR WHATTA STINK... MUST BE ME MY IMAGINATION
—WONDER WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE OUT THERE... I'LL PEEK THROUGH THE STAGE CURTAIN
STANLEY...
...YUH...
BIG
STANLEY... GLAD YOU MADE IT A FEW H NUTES AHEAD OF TIME. SOMETH NG I WANNA TELL YOU 'BOUT THE AUDIENCE TONIGHT...
WHAT IN IT REMIND CONVENTION CROWE OR S-METHIN'...
YOU MIGHT SAY THAT... YOU MIGHT... THERE ARE 3 CIRCUS-MINDED IN TOWN STANLEY—
OH... A BUNCH OF CIRCUS TYPES
EH... BUT MORE THAN JUST ORDINARY CIRCUS TYPES TONIGHT... YOU'RE PLAYING BEFORE 30 OR 40 FREAKS...
OH COME ON STANLEY... DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD. WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL?
THE BIG DEAL IS MY ACT IS SHOT DOWN THE DRAIN
—GEEZ... TALK ABOUT LOUSY CONDENSERS... THAT WAS WHAT MY ACT WAS ALL ABOUT BERNIE. I TOLD YOU I HAD A NEW ROUTINE WELL, GOD, IT WAS A PARODY OF... OF ALL THINGS... A CIRCUS FREAK THAT GETS DRUNK—ONE NIGHT HE PAINTS THE TOWN RED.
OH STANLEY... HELL, I'M SORRY...
LISTEN BERNIE... YOU GOTTA GET ME OUTTA TH S CONTRACT. YOU MUST— YOU CAN DO IT! YOU'RE MY AGENT! WORK OUT A DEAL WITH THE OWNER OF THIS PLACE!
COME ON STAN... YOU KNOW BETTER THAT YOU CAN'T BACK DOWN NOW. IT'S TWO LATE... WHY DON'T YOU JUST DO OTHER MATERIAL?

WHAT OTHER MATERIAL --I GOT NOTHIN READY, NOTHIN WORKED OUT THIS IS ALL I GOT...
SHOWTIME 5 MINUTES STANLEY...
STANLEY IS RATHER APPREHENSIVE ABOUT HIS PERFORMANCE BUT PERHAPS HE SHOULDN'T BE... THESE GOOD PEOPLE LAUGH KINDLY ENOUGH-- MAYBE THEY WON'T MIND BEING RIDED A LITTLE...
LIKE THIS FAT LADY , THERE'S A HAPPY HEART INSIDE HER--
EVEN HUBERT THE MEDIOCRE HORROR, THE MAN WHO HAS THE APPEARANCE OF NOT REALLY EXISTING HAS A FEW PEBBLES OF KINDNESS WITHIN--
OR THE HOG FACED BOY , HE LOOKS A BIT DOWN AT THE MOUTH ON THE OUTSIDE. , BUT INSIDE HE'S THE OWNER OF A WARM SOUL--
THERE ARE OTHERS ALL HAPPY PEOPLE-- ALL WAITING TO GREET THE NIGHTCLUB COMIC WITH A SO THINKING SMILE--

GOOD EVENING LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... NON-ENTITIES ALL OF YOU...I'VE NEVER BEEN SO MANY DULL AND UNINTERESTING PEOPLE GATHERED IN ONE ROOM BEFORE...
HEY... THEY'RE LAUGHING... NOT A BAD START ...I BROKE THE ICE FAST...
HAHA
I TELL YOU FOLKS...I'VE BEEN GOING TO THE CIRCUS FOR YEARS...AN... I'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED YOU VERY MUCH...SO I'M LINE TO TRY SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL TONIGHT... JUST FOR YOU...
...PICTURE THE PERSON SITTING NEXT TO YOU OUT FOR A NIGHT ON THE TOWN... AN' HE GETS RATHER DRUNK... THIS IS HOW IT MIGHT GO...
HAHAHA
NEVER DO PSYCHIATRIST JOKES AT A PSYCHIATRIST'S CONVENTION...NEVER DO DRUNK JOKES AT A SALVATION ARMY HOSTEL... THE FIRST LAW OF COMEDY... AN' HERE I AM DOWN A FREAK SHOW IN FRONT OF A BUNCH OF FREAKS... I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND...
Y'KNOW BARTENDER... THE LAST TIME I WENT ON A DRUNK, I NEARLY NEVER MADE IT BACK TO THE CIRCUS...AS I TURNED... A CORNET SHAPED BUM STOOD ON MY HANDS...
...ALL THOSE OF 'EM...
Y'KNOW I MET A GIRL THE OTHER DAY...WE WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER... BUT WHEN WE KISSED, HER MOUSTACHE GOT STUCK ON THE RUBBER CEMENT I USE TO KEEP MY MOUTH FROM HANGING OPEN...

THEY'RE LAUGHING THEIRE HEADS OFF!!!
HEY- THAT GUY AT THE BACK THERE ... HOW CAN I CONCENTRATE ON MY ACT WHEN YOU KEEP HOWLING ON YOUR LEFT EAR...
HA HA HA HA HA HA
I PUT IT BACK ON THE FLOOR WHERE IT BELONGS AND PAY ATTENTION HAH?
I'M INSULTING THEM AN THE WIFE KILLIN' THEMSELVES LAUGHING...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
Y KNOW BARTENDER ... MY WIFE STARTED RUNNING AROUND BEHIND MY BACK LAST WEEK WHEN I WAS OUTTA TOWN FOR A NIGHT SHE WAS FOOLIN AROUND WITH THE PORCUPINE SWIM MAN
I NEVER WOULD VE KNOWN IF I HAINT DISCOVERED ALL THOSE NEEDLES STUCK IN MY ELECTRIC SHAVER WHEN I GOT BACK
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
THIS IS BEAUTIFUL ... I'VE GOT THEM EATING OUT OF MY HANDS ... THEY'RE LAUGHING LIKE IT'S THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES THEY'VE EVER LAUGHED AT ANYTHING

THANK YOU POLKS... YOU'VE BEEN BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE... REALLY BEAUTIFUL...
DON'T LEAVE US NOW STANLEY... NOT ALREADY...
C'MON STANLEY... GIVE US A FEW MORE ONE LINERS...
DID JA HEAR THE ONE ABOUT THE TWO DIPLOMATS... ONE SAYS TO THE OTHER, "WHADDO YOU THINK OF RED CHINA?", AND THE OTHER, ONE ANSWERS... I DUNNO... IT WOULDN'T LOOK SO GAY ON A YELLOW TABLECLOTH!
"READ I GOTTA HEAR LUBY... THIS IS THE END OF MY ACT OF COURSE... IF I HAD AN ENCORE I'D GIVE YOURS I COULD GO ON FOREVER...
NO STANLEY... GIVE US MORE FREAK JOKES... THAT'S WHAT WE WANT!
... FREAK JOKES!
I DON'T KNOW ANYMORE FREAK JOKES...
C'MON STANLEY... MORE FREAK JOKES...
HAHAHAHAHAHA
A LITTLE KID SAYS TO HIS MOTHER, MOMMY, CAN I COME TO THE BEACH WITH YOU AN DADDY TODAY? MOTHER ANSWERS... DON'T BE SUCH A CHEAP JUNKIE... YOU KNOW YOUR IRON LUNG DOESN'T FIT IN THE VOLKSWAGEN...

MORE STANLEY.. MORE...
THIS IS BEAUTIFUL.. THEY'RE LAUGHING UP EVERY WORK EVERY WORD!
THREE LITTLE KIDS COME KNOCKING AT THE FRONT DOOR OF THEIR FRIENDS HOUSE MRS HARPER CAN LITTLE MOE COME OUT AND PLAY BASEBALL WITH US ? ... MRS HARPER SAYS C'MON YOU KNOW LITTLE MOE HAS NO ARMS OR LEGS!... THAT'S OKAY, SAY THE KIDS... WE JUST WANNA USE HIM FOR THIRD BASE!
THE OLDEST JOKES IN THE WORLD... I'M THROWING THE OLDEST JOKES IN THE WORLD AT THEM AN THEY'RE BREAKIN RIGHT UP...
...BUT I'M RUNNING OUT OF GAGS ... GOT NOTH'N LEFT... NOTHIN'...
REALLY FOLKS... I... I HAVEN'T GOT ANYMORE...
C'MON STANLEY.. MORE...
HAHAHAHA
MORE STANLEY.
TWO LITTLE... TWO LITTLE KIDS IN SWITZERLAND NAMED HANS AND FRITZ GO UP TO A MOUNTAIN TOP WITH THEIR MAMMA FRITZ SHOVES THE MOTHER OFF THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF TURNS TO HIS BROTHER AN SAYS... LOOK HANS... NO MA
.. MORE STANLEY... MORE...
I AIN'T GOT NO MORE... AIN'T GOT NO MORE REALLY...
GIVE US MORE STANLEY... GIVE US MORE! MORE...

HEY BUDDY... THE SHOW'S OVER... FIVE HOURS AGO... IF YOU LIKED THE SHOW SO MUCH WHY... YOU FALL ASLEEP...
ASLEEP... GO!...WHERE AM I?... A BLOODY FREAK TENT... IT WAS ONLY A DREAM... OH NO...PLEASE...
...IT CAN'T BE JUST A DREAM...
IT'S NOT FAIR...NOT FAIR... IT CAN'T HAVE BEEN JUST A DREAM... NO... NO...
...THE GREATEST PERFORMANCE OF MY WHOLE DAMN LIFE AND YOU TELL ME IT WAS A DREAM? NO... I WON'T ACCEPT IT... IT ISN'T FAIR...
IT ISN'T FAIR...
IT ISN'T FAIR!
LEST YOU THINK THIS IS THE CONCLUSION... THE PROVERBIAL TWIST... YOU ARE CRIMINALLY WRONG! YOU DO STANLEY AN INJUSTICE... GRAVE, EVIL, INEXCUSABLE INJUSTICE - FOR THE CONCLUSION IS YET TO FOLLOW
THIS IS THE CONCLUSION, WE PITIFULLY ADMIT... ADMIT ALONG WITH 30 OR 40 BEWILDERED CIRCUS FREAKS WHO COME TO STANLEY'S RESCUE... NEVER TO THEIR WORDS BEFORE YOU SUDDENLY END YOUR UNFULFILLED INTEREST IN THIS TALE OF THE MACABRE...
WE JUSTIFIED HIM TOO FAR... HE NEEDED AN ESCAPE... GOD!!! WE WHERE HIS MIND NOW... IT'S MY FAULT... I STARTED HIM... NO - NOT ELSE...
IT WAS MY FAULT... I GOT CARRIED AWAY FIRST... REMAINED... ALONE...
HE WAS SUCH A NICE MAN... SO NICE... SO INTELLIGENT... HE WAS ONE OF US IN A WAY... WE LOVED US... AS WE CAME TO LOVE HIM LAST NIGHT...
WE ALL SCREAMED JUST AS LOUD... WE ALL LOVED HIM... ...THE FIRST MAN WE EVER KNEW... TREATED US LIKE HUMAN BEINGS WITH GENUINE EMOTIONS... YET ALSO TREATS US AS ENTITIES... FREAKS... HE STOOD UP ON THAT STAGE AND IN HIS HUMOUR HE SAID TO US... SO WHAT?... AND WE DID LAUGH...
VERY FEW PEOPLE CAN MAKE A FREAK LAUGH... STANLEY WAS ONE NOW HERE A LUNATIC... LUNATICS MAKE NO-ONE LAUGH
AND NOW THAT YOU KNOW THE TRUTH NOW YOU CAN JOIN THE FREAKS IN WEEPING FOR THE FUNNY MAN... R I P STANLEY

IT'S THE 9TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1965...AS WE JOIN SEVERAL MACABRE PARTY GUESTS AT *DARKKOS MANSION*, A BLACK AND DARK HOUSE OF *EVIL* REPUTE IN THE FORBIDDEN SWAMPLANDS TO THIS NATION'S SOUTH, NEARBY IN NEW ORLEANS, FROM WHENCE COMES THE *OWNER* OF THE MANSE *REGISTER HARLOWE*, BUT HE HAS LIVED IN THIS PLACE MANY YEARS NOW AND HAS ESTABLISHED AN INFAMOUS REPUTATION HERE. A BACKGROUND THAT WE SHALL LEARN IS LINKED WITH THE *WEIRDEST* RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE KNOWN TO MANKIND - THE CULT *VOODOO*

AND SO WE START OUR TALE

...THE THING IN HORROR-SWAMP

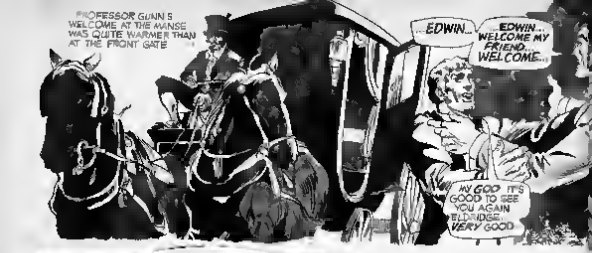
(BEING THE ORIGIN TALE OF DARKKOS MANSION)

ENTER NOW, PROFESSOR EDWIN BUNN, A YOUNG MAN— PERHAPS A NAIVE MAN; HE HAD BEEN INVITED TO DARKROS MANSION FOR THE WEEKEND AS THE GUEST OF THE HARLOWE SON ELDRIDGE HARLOWE... WITH WHOM HE RECENTLY ATTENDED SCHOOL IN NEW ORLEANS...
THE COACHMAN PULLS TO A HAUNT AND THEN A CRAWLING HALT AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MANSE FINDING HIS WAY BARRED BY SEVERAL GAUNT AND BLANK-EYED LOCALS WHO DEMAND HE PULL UP HIS REINS
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, DRIVER?
WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT IS THE "TROUBLE"?
DON'T BE A FOOL!
I BEG YOUR PARDON?
DO NOT ENTER THIS PLACE AT THE RISK OF YOUR LIFE
THIS PLACE IS THE HOUSE OF THE VOODOO
VOODOO?
YOU'RE MAD. ARE YOU FROM SOME LUNATIC ASYLUM PERHAPS?

HOLE UP THERE WHOAH..
THE WAY IS BLOCKED SIR. SOME LOCALS WON'T LET US PASS FOR SOME REASON..

YOU HAVE BEEN FAIRLY WARNED..
YOU DON'T SCARE ME. YOU'RE ALL OUT OF YOUR WITS
'S NOT US TO BE AFEARED OF SIR...
NOT US
BUT HIM WITHIN

COLONEL HARLOWE?
WHY I'VE NEVER MET THE GENTLEMAN ALTHOUGH HIS SON IS A GENTLEMAN
NOT A GENTLEMAN LIKE YOU OR YOU SHALL SEE WE SAY NO MORE...
WE SEE WE CANNOT PERSUADE YOU BUT REMEMBER OUR WARNING


PROFESSOR GUNN'S WELCOME AT THE MANSE WAS QUITE WARMER THAN AT THE FRONT GATE
EDWIN...
EDWIN... WELCOME MY FRIEND. WELCOME...
MY GOD IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN ELDRIDGE... VERY GOOD

THIS IS MAH DAUGHTA WHO HAS JUST COME BACK TO ME FROM THE CITEE OF LON-DON IN ENGLAND WHERE SHE HAS AH TAKEN HER ED-UCATION
MAYLINE
I AM PLEASED I NEVER IMAGINED YOU HAVE THIS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER
DID MY BROTHER SPEAK HIGHLY OF ME PROFESSOR?
HE DID MISS MAYLINE
BUT I ASSUMED HE WAS MERELY BEING A POLITE BROTHER I DID NOT I REGRET TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY OR I WOULD HAVE FOUND AN EXCUSE TO VISIT DARKROS MANSE SOONER
AND PLEASE MY LADY PLEASE DO ME THE HONOR OF CALLING ME EDWIN
THE TWO EXCHANGED KNOWING SMILES AND LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S EYES... AND DURING THEIR FIRST TOUCH DURING THEIR FIRST DANCE THEY BECAME IN LOVE...

WHAT DID THEY MEAN THO SIR?
YES FATHER... WHAT DO THEY MEAN? YOU'RE NOT MIXED-UP IN ANY THING ARE YOU?
YEW BEEN WAY FUM HOME A WHILE DAUGHTAH MANY TIMES NAH-AH HAPPENED DURING YOUR STAY IN ENGLAND
THERE-AH-STUPID LOCALS GUT THEMSELF MIXED UP IN THIS-AH VOO-DOO THENG AS A-RELIGOUS EX-OR-CISE
AH HAVE TAKEN IT UPON MANSELF TO-AH-MAKE SURE THEY DON'T GIT OUTTA HAND
MASTER OH MASTER.
MASTER? FATHER? MASTER? ARE YOU SURE THIS IS
MAYLINE HUSH UP NAH GIRL AH THANK THE ENTOORTAINMENT IS GONNA BEGIN

AND IN THE EXCITEMENT OF MANY INTRODUCTIONS THE INCIDENT WAS FORGOTTEN...
I WANT TO INTRODUCE MY FATHER TO YOU EDWIN...
COLONEL REGISTER HARLOWE...
I AM CONCURRED TO MEET YOU SIR YOUR SON SPOKE OF YOU OFTEN WHEN WE WERE IN UNIVERSITY TOGETHE
I YUH AH M-AH- PLEECA-SID TO MEET YEW TOO SUH
...MAH SON HAS SICKEN TO ME OF YEW-IN-MOST FLATTERIN TERMS...
MAYLINE-- WOULD-AH-YOU ALL ESCORT "HIS YOUNG-AH-MAN TO THE TERRACE
AH HAVE PLANNED SOME-AH, ENTERTAINMENT FOR US ALL 'TIS AH-N GHT.
MY PLEASURE FATHER
ENTERTAINMENT S R ?
I TRUST-- HAH HAH-- IT DOES NOT INVOLVE VOODOO.
WHUT-DID-YEW-SAY SUH?
VOODOO-- SOME LOCALS MET ME AT THE GATE AND BANGED SOMETHING ABOUT VOODOO
LOCALS--PAH!! THEY KNOW MOTHIN' SUH-- ONLY WHUT AH TELL THEM HENO THEY IS NOT MUCH.
THE ENTERTAINMENT THAT EVIL NIGHT CONSISTED OF THE MADDEST VILEST RITUAL OF HORROR EDWIN SUNN OR MAYLINE HARLOWE HAD EVER HAD THE MISFORTUNE TO WITNESS. AND WHILE THE OLD COLONEL REGISTER HARLOWE AND HIS SON AND THEIR HOUSE GUESTS SNICKERED AND LEERED AT THE PERFORMANCE THE PAIR OF LOVERS KNEW ONLY REPULSION...

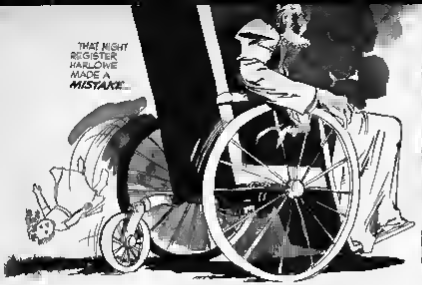
OH FATHER... HOW CAN YOU ALLOW SUCH A DISGUSTING PERFORMANCE
ELDRIDGE HAVE YOU GONE MAD?
YOU NOT ONLY APPEAR TO CONDONE THIS, YOU ACTUALLY SEEM TO ENJOY IT

INDEED AM I DO...
AM ENJOY IT TREMENDOUSLY!
AND FATHER IS THEIR PRIEST!...

MAYLINE... STOP...

EAAAAGOD!
MAYLINE!

PRIEST ON FATHER..
MAYLINE!
YOU ARE RE-SPONSIBLE FAH THIS
YEW KILLED HAH.
YOU OLD CREEP..
YOUR DAUGHTER SINKS TO A HORRIBLE DEATH AND YOU SPEW MUCK LIKE THAT FROM YOUR FOUL MOUTH TO JUST FY AND RAT ONNUZE YOUR FILTH..
SHITTUP GUNN!
WHAT N GOD'S NAME S THAT?
YEW GUNN HAH VOODOO CONTRIVANCE OF YEW
AND AH SWEAN TO THE LORD GUNN AH'M GONNA MAKE YOU JOIN HAH DAUGHTER N THAT DEATH PIT
PERHAPS MAP BUT PROFESSOR GUNN WAS INFELLED TO MOVE INTO THE SWAMP AND MADE TO STAND IN A SINKED SPOT. POSITION TIEL HE SANK AND DIED REGISTER HARLOWE SUCH IS VOODOO



...IT TROD TO THE SOUND OF THE CHANTING. PAUSED HERE AND THERE TO WATCH ITS FOOTFALLS. DRAWN TO THE SOUND OF THE RITUAL. PULLED THROUGH THE MUCKY GRAVE INTO LIFE. A KIND OF LIFE FOR THOSE WHO KNOW HIM WOULD CALL HIM A ZOMBIE

...THEY KNEW THE RITUAL DANCE OF THE DOLL WELL... AND PERFORMED IT ESPECIALLY WELL THIS NIGHT... FOR THEY HAD POWER, AND KNEW IT... AND WERE BENT ON BRINGING BACK EDWIN GUNN FROM HIS GRAVE...!
"WHY?
WE NEED YOUR HELP!
THE HELP OF A CORPSE?
IF THAT BE WHAT IT TAKES, YES!

HARLOWE
AH DROVE YEW INTO THET SWAMP ONCE GUNN WHEN YEW WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR MAH CHILDRTAN'S DEATH...
NOW YEW KILL MAH SON AH'LL DRIVE YEW INTO THET PIT AGAIN...THIS TIME TO STAY
YEW SEE GUNN AH AM PREPARED
GO GUNN BACK TO YEWR GRAVE!!
MAH HOUSE DARKKOS IN FLAME
AS THAT PLACE SHOULD BE HARLOWE
YEW DARE THREATEN ME-YEW NOTHING! DIDN'T YA LL SEE WHAT AH DID TO HEM THAR MAN?
YEW KNOW WHAT AH CAN DEW TEW YEW?
NOTHING!
WE BROUGHT HIM BACK HARLOWE KNOWING YOU WOULD BE PREPARED TO DRIVE HIM BACK
NOW YOU ARE UNARMED... OUR PLAN
GOD UNARMED... NO VOODOO CON-STRUCTIONS TO CONTROL YEW
YES HARLOWE YOU HAVE NOTHING
NOW WE WANT TO BE FREE MEN HARLOWE. YOU HAVE NO SOULS TO WORSHIP YOU. NO VOODOOO MAGIC
THERE WERE 4 DEATHS THAT NIGHT AND 2? RE-BIRTHS OF ZOMBIES INTO HUMANS...THEY LEFT DARKKOS AND ALONED EAST OR WEST OR NORTH AND DARKKOS BURNED TILL IT CRUMBLED AND CRUMBLED TILL IT TOO WAS DEAD... AND ONLY IN THIS YEAR, IT SEEMS ALIVE AGAIN ITS NEW NAME TAINTS A WEREWOLF AND A HEAP AS YOU SHALL READ ELSEWHERE IN THIS VERY ISSUE AND IN FUTURE ISSUES TOO. WHEN AGAIN AND AGAIN... WE WILL RETURN TO THIS HORROR MANSE...
...DARKKOS...

...THE WRECKING BALL LIFTS
...LIFTS HIGHER INTO THE SHRIEKING LOS ANGELES DAWN...
HIGHER, INTO THE BLUE-WHITE SKY...
...STEADIES...
...THEN SWOOPS ON AN OLD MAN'S LIFE...
GRUNCHES IT... DEVOURS IT...
...HE SITS BESIDE HIS HOME ...HIS DEMOLISHED RESIDENCE OF 27 YEARS... SITS, CRYING... HIS HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS...WEEPING... SOBBING... AND ALTHOUGH THIS IS ALMOST HOW WE END, IT IS ALSO — HOW WE START OUR TALE OF...
A BAG OF FLEAS
AL HEWETSON AND JOSE GUAL

LET US GO BACK SOME WEEKS TO WHEN THIS HOUSE WAS WHOLE
REGGIE WHYTE... JANITOR. A HAPPY MAN. NOW OLD, OF FEW PLEASURES... ALL OF WHICH ARE SIMPLE... HE LIKES TO WATCH T.V., LIKES TO DRINK IMPORTED STOUT FROM HIS NATIVE BRITAIN AND...
LIKES TO GO TO THE PARK NEXT TO THE APARTMENT BLOCK AND WATCH THE GIRLS...
THEY SEEMED TO SCREAM AT EACH OTHER ALL DAY AND NIGHT. SHE (KNOWING HOW MUCH HE DESPISED AMER CAN SLANG) SHOUTING ABOUT THE FLEA BAG THEY LIVED IN...
WHEN THE ARGUING CAME TO BLOWS IT WAS EVIDENT SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE ABOUT THEIR MARRIAGE
HE (KNOWING HOW MUCH HIS AFFECTED LONDON ACCENT HURT H.S WIFE'S EARS) BELLOWING BACK IN HIS OPPONENT'S VOICE THAT T WAS 'N BAG OF FLEAS MY DEAR... TRY TO RAISE YOUR LITERACY LEVEL A LITTLE YOU COMMON LIVERPOOL TROLLOP...
SOMETHING WAS... SHE LEFT HIM TO RETURN TO BRITAIN
"REGGIE... HOW ARE YOU TONIGHT? WELL I HOPE"
I HAVE A BIT OF NEWS FOR YOU REGGIE... BETTER SIT DOWN
JUST GETTIN OVER A BIT OF COLD SIRRR... BUT OTHERWISE I'M FEELIN JUST FINE... YES'S RR
I M FINE STANDIN SIRRR ...FINE STANDIN WHAT'S THE NEWS SIRRA ?
WE RE TEARING THIS FLEA BAG DOWN NEXT MONTH...

A MAN OF FEW VICES... WITH FEW FRIENDS, NO RELATIVES WITHIN A FEW THOUSAND MILES TO BOTHER HIM... NO DEBTS... NO COMPLAINTS...
AFTER THE GREAT WAR, IN WHICH HE WAS A BRITISH SERGEANT, HE AND HIS CHILDLESS WIFE KATE CAME TO L.A.
LIKE SHAKESPEARE'S KATE SHE, TOO WAS A SHREW... HARPING AT HIM ABOUT HIS MENIAL JOB AS A JANITOR, IN THIS "FLEA BAG" APARTMENT BLOCK...
BECAME THEIN, JUST GREW OLD... KEPT HIS PETS AND MADE THEM HAPPY COMPANIONS... KEPT HIS JOB...
...IN TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS NOTHING MUCH HAPPENED TO REGGIE WHITE...
...WATCHED GIRLS' LEGS THRU THE GRATING OF HIS BASEMENT APARTMENT WINDOW
UNTIL ONE NIGHT WHEN HE HEARD A SINISTER TAP ON HIS DOOR. THE LANDLORD'S SINISTER FAMILIAR TAP
TAPPP
EARN T DOWN 6 RAT TEARING T DOWN?" BUT IT'S MY HOME SIR... THIS IS MY HOME
YES, I KNOW, REGGIE IT'S ALSO THE HOME FOR SO OTHER FAMILIES LIVING ABOVE YOU... BUT THIS IS NO CRITERIA FOR THE PLACE NOT TO BE TORN DOWN
I'M RETIRING. WANT TO SELL OUT ALL MY HOLDINGS... NOBODY WILL WANT TO KEEP T AS THE FLEA BAG T NOW IS. I FOUND SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO TURN IT INTO A PARKING LOT
A PARKING LOT SIRR...?

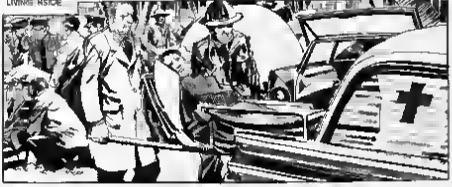
SO, I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU NOTICE, REGINALD...
...YOU'VE TILL THE END OF THE MONTH TO LEAVE... ALONG WITH THE OTHERS...
...I'LL GIVE YOU AN EXTRA MONTH'S PAY TO YOU KNOW, FIND SOMEPLACE ELSE TO WORK...
...AND LIVE...
...I CAN'T LEAVE THIS PLACE...
...I CAN'T...
...I CAN'T...
...YOU HAVE NO CHOICE, REGINALD...
...SCRUFF...
...GOODNIGHT...
REMOVE THE THREAT
SSSSSSSSS
TTPPP
...WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE IN THE MORNING, THEY TALK TO EVERYONE — EVEN THE LITTLE JANITOR WITH THE PROPER, BRITISH ACCENT.
...AND WHEN THEY FINALLY LEAVE, THEY LEAVE WITH NO ANSWER TO THE MURDER IN THE ALLEY.

THE LANDLORD LEFT... BUT REGGIE KNEW HE COULD HAVE TO FOLLOW HIM...
CAN'T LEAVE...
... STALK HIM LIKE A BLACK CAT IN THE ALLEY...

REGGIE THOUGHT THAT WOULD BE THE END OF IT NOW... BUT IT WASN'T... COME THE END OF THE MONTH THE PEOPLE ABOVE HIM BEGAN TO MOVE OUT...
WHERE YOU GOING? YOU WON'T HAVE TO MOVE HE'S DEAD, DEAD!
DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE REGGIE THE WRECKING BALL WILL STILL HIT THIS PLACE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS THE BANK OWNS THIS PLACE NOW CAN'T FIGHT A BANK...

...THAT AFTERNOON THEY BROUGHT THE WRECKING EQUIPMENT AND ERECTED A SMALL WORK SHACK IN THE PARK NEXT TO THE APARTMENT BLOCK.
...THEY SAT AROUND DURING AFTERNOON BREAK THROWING BEER CANS ON THE GRASS... REGGIE WATCHED STUPLING MIXED EMOTIONS OF FEAR AND HATE...
IN THE MORNING FOLLOWING, REGGIE STOOD BY THE FRONT DOOR OF THE EMPTY HOUSE... THEY DIDN'T KNOW HE STILL LIVED INSIDE... HE'D KEPT IT A SECRET...
HE WATCHED THE AIR... IT SWAY AR
SSKKRRCH
THEY FOUND REGGIE KNAWPORKINS IN THE CORNER... REGGIE H.M. THE SKELETON OF HIS WIFE

THE AMBULANCES ARRIVED WITHIN 6 MINUTES TO SHOVEL UP THE DEAD... THE POLICE ARRIVED IN ONLY 3. THEY RAN INTO THE APARTMENT HOUSE SEARCHING FOR SOMEONE THEY NOW KNEW MUST STILL BE LIVING INSIDE...



27 YEARS IT LAY BURIED IN THE WALL... 27 YEARS REGINS HAD BEEN HAPPY... UNTIL THE DAY THEY KNEW BETTER FIND IT... FIND THE VICTIM... FIND THE MURDERER... **HE HAD** TO STOP THEM— KILL THE LANDLORD ...CUT THE BALL CABLE SO IT WOULD DROP...

IT HAD DROPPED—

—SLICED THE WALL WIDE OPEN — EXPOSED THE SKELETON ANYWAY...

...BUT IF REGINS HAD ONLY *KNOWN*—

IF REGGIE HAD ONLY KNOWN ..

IF HE'D ONLY SEEN THE OTHERS, THE COUNTLESS OTHER UNTRACEABLE SKELETONS THAT WERE IN THE WALLS THAT BAG OF FLEAS THAT HAD OVER THE YEARS *COLLECTED*

HE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO BOTHER

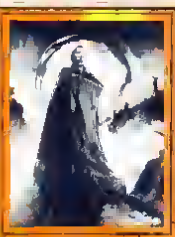
THE SPLICED WALL LOOKED ALMOST AMUSING FROM THE STREET THAT DAY. THE OLD FLEA BAG OF AN APARTMENT BLOCK BARING ITS INNERMOST SECRETS. TELLING THE WORLD THAT THE PEOPLE WHO ONCE LIVED THERE WERE HUMAN. INTERESTING. ENTITIES

— THE NEXT DAY THEY TORE IT DOWN. TURNED THE AREA INTO A PARKING LOT —

. . . THIS . . .
is the next NIGHTMARE . . . the SWAMP issue

. . . THIS . . .
is the next PSYCHO . . . the ASYLUM issue

. . . miss 'em not . . .



THIS IS A 2-RING CIRCUS OF LUNACY!

THESE ARE THE 1973 WINTER SPECIALS

MISS 'EM NOT

SEE IN PERSON

·the HUMAN GARGOYLES· the GHOUL·
·the HEAP· the WEREWOLF MACABRE·

...and these weird tales...

The Night of the Mutant-Eaters

The Death of the 30th-Virtim

The Crime in Satan's Crypt

...by these weird people

Ed Fedory
Dennis Fujitake
Doug Moench
and
Archaic Al Hewetson

special 2-in-1 photo review

Where your nightmares end
WILLARD begins

BEN and WILLARD

-plus-

'die mummy'

-ALSO-

Dracula Did Not Die!

all new-all original-all horror

ON SALE NEXT MONTH

SPROUTSCAN
PUBLISHED BY SPROUTSMAG
HORROR C2C
LIKE IT OR HATE IT
EVERYONE GETS IT
WITHOUT A MASK
INDEPENDENT SCANNER DONE BY FOR THE HORROR FANS